THE LADY'S MONITOR.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

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THE WITCH OF THE WOLD.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

On a wild and dreary tract of country on the borders of Westmorland, called a wold, which is in some places a sort of hilly heath, in others a black and marshy moor, there was a solitary cottage, built by a man who passed for a very odd person: some said he was a madman, others that he had committed a murder, and others supposed him to be a spy....though no place could be so ill calculated as that he had chosen for the exercise of such a profession.

The peasantry of the neighbouring country had an extreme dread of him; for none knew how he lived, and none had ever been admitted to his cottage, where it was supposed he resided by himself. There was a wood adjoining to the wold on the side next his abode, and through part of it lay the road to a market, at eight miles distance: this wood, which had formerly belonged to the large domain of an ancient family now gone to decay, had a very ill name. An human skeleton had been found in it, and some of the most sagacious of the neighbouring countrymen had hinted, that these remains were those of the person whom the Strange Man had killed; yet, in the paths of this gloomy wood, and crossing the wold towards it, late of a night as they returned from market, this mysterious being was often met by the terrified rustics. He passed them sometimes in silence, at other times bade them good night, in an hollow voice, which they declared was not human. The dread he inspired was at length such, that many of the people whose business led them that way, were used to cross a dangerous ford rather than go through this wood, or venture an evening meeting with "the Strange Man." This continued for some years: attempts were made by some of the farmers to get warrants against him to take him up; but as he was perfectly inoffensive, never troubled himself with them, and never solicited parish sssistance, there was no justice who would grant it....till at length a weak and arrogant man, who loved to shew his power, issued one: but just as the people who were to serve it reached the wold, a storm arose so violent and unusual in its effects, that the constable and his followers, convinced of the supernatural power of "the Strange Man," fled in dismay, and thought themselves fortunate that they were not carried quite away in a whirlwind, which they doubted not he had raised by magic, to defeat their purpose.

The empty and half-ruined manor-house, to which the wood had formerly belonged, was also an object of terror to those superstitious and ignorant people. It had not been inhabited for many years; but a grange or farm-yard adjoining to it was rented by a farmer, whose men declared that in those nights of winter, when they had occasion to stay late in these buildings about the farm-yard, they saw lights gliding about the old house, heard unaccountable noises....and one even went so far as to relate, that he saw, by moon-light, a pale and ghastly face at one of the windows. The man was frequently seen stealing about among the ruins of the old buildings, and those who had courage enough to gaze at him, even at a distance, observed that he became more and more emaciated in his appearance: sometimes he suddenly rushed out of the wood, and passed across the path before some affrighted peasant. At length that part of the country was almost entirely deserted; the market people made another way, to avoid the wold and the wood: but such as had, after a time, courage to pass, declared that the strange man was gone. None now saw him, and yet a little smoke sometimes ascended from the chimney of his cottage. Some persons, whose curiosity got the better of their fears, took occasion to peep in at the window, and said they plainly distinguished an old woman of very frightful appearance. An itinerant dealer in fish, who travelled that country, was the only person that knew who now resided in the cottage: he carried some provisions thither once a week; but the mystery he observed, and the strange stories he invented, as if with a purpose to mislead curiosity, served only to irritate the violent desire which some of the farmer's wives and other gossips had to find out who the person was whom they now chose to call "the Witch of the Wold."

It happened about this time that an infectious distemper broke out in that country among the cattle, and several of the farmers were entirely ruined. Instead of rationally considering the cause of this, and of endeavouring to cure it by such remedies as common sense pointed out, they took it into their heads that the poor solitary being whom they called "the Witch of the Wold," had brought this calamity upon them; and without waiting for the interposition of justice, they assembled in a body with pitchforks and staves, and surrounded her house: she opened the door to them, and they rushed in.

They found in this hut, which merely consisted of two ground rooms, several things that confirmed their opinion: there was a mariner's compass, a quadrant, and some other mathematical instruments; several books in languages they could make nothing of, and which they therefore concluded treated of the black art. There were some shells and dried plants, and insects, which they were sure were collected as materials for the sorceress, and the only living animals were two cats; but every thing else was mere necessary furniture, and not better than that which they themselves possessed. The appearance of the old woman, however, would have been enough to have convicted her: she was thin and pale, bent almost double, and her countenance, furrowed with wrinkles, expressed a sort of wild melancholy, which her persecutors believed an evidence of guilt. The poor creature submitted almost without a remonstrance to their cruel usage; and to their fierce interrogatories as to what was become of the man who once lived in the cottage? she answered, that after having kept his bed many months, he died; and she had, according to his own desire, buried him on the wold, near their hut.

She was then extremely ill-treated, and almost tortured, because she refused to tell who he was. She said that she had solemnly sworn never to reveal it; that

they might kill her if they would, but that nothing she could suffer should induce her to disclose a secret, which, to know, would be of no use to them, while it would be breaking a promise she held sacred.

They accused her of having occasioned all the misfortunes that had lately happened in their neighbourhood. One woman said, that her poor little Jacky's fits had come upon him the very day after he had passed over the wold, and that he had then received a stroke from an evil eye; another declared that her only cow had grazed one day upon the wold, and had sickened and directly died; and a third, a labourer, asserted, that at the time the lightning fired his master's hay-stack, he had seen this very old woman ride through the air on a broomstick.

Numberless other charges were brought against her, and they were proceeding to tie her legs and arms and throw her into the river, it being decided that if she swam in that situation she was certainly a witch: so that the poor creature undergoing such a discipline had in no case a chance for her life; for, if she was thus convicted of witchcraft, she would be tortured to death; if she sunk, she would inevitably be drowned.

But just as this misled multitude had dragged their unresisting victim to the river's brink, a gentleman of the country, as eminent for his intelligence as his humanity, passed, by; and enquiring what was the occasion of the riotous assemblage he saw, he interfered immediately, and, being equally loved and respected, rescued the poor old victim of popular folly from the hands of her barbarous persecutors. His charitable interposition, however, came too late: though she was carried immediately to his house, put to bed, and carefully attended, she had already suffered too much from the rude inhumanity of the mob; and in about three days she died, giving into the hands of her generous protector the key of a drawer in the cottage, where she told him he would find a written account of her unfortunate companion, and of herself.—It was only the authority of this gentleman that prevented the villagers from plundering the hut; where, as he had been directed, he found the following paper:——

(To be concluded in our next.)

Biography.

[We now present our readers with the biography of a female author, whose genius has entertained and instructed thousands of the rising generation. The subject of our memoir has attracted notice for several years past. Her works have been numerous; and, at this juncture, her pen engages no inconsiderable share of public attention. Mrs. YEARSLEY, the famous Bristol Milk-Woman, whose native strains have been admired by the lovers of genuine poetry, found an early friend and protector in Miss MORE. Since the publication of this "sketch," Miss M. after pointing out the road to happiness to many, has consented to become happy herself. She was lately married.]

MEMOIRS OF MISS HANNAH MORE.

[From a late London publication.]

MISS HANNAH MORE is a native of Bristol, where she resided for the most part of her life, and superintended a boarding-school of ladies, of great respectability. Her sisters succeeded her in the office of teacher, and they also have lately retired. The talents, however, of Miss More, imparted to the seminary no small celebrity, and we have reason to believe that this accomplished tutoress sent forth many valuable members of the community. Her school opened about 1765.

The life of *literary* characters, it has been frequently remarked, affords few incidents for the pen of the biographer. This is the precise case with the present subject of our memoir. We shall, however, collect together a few anecdotes, which will serve to throw some light on this ornament of the female world.

From her earliest years, we understand, that MISS MORE dedicated much of her time to the improvement of her mind. Possessing a natural taste for the acquisition of knowledge, she availed herself of every opportunity to gratify it. Under such circumstances, we are not to wonder at her present eminence, which could have been attained only by intense application and unwearied industry. She associated likewise with literary men, and was much benefitted by their conversation. With the late *Mr. Garrick* she was on terms of the greatest intimacy; and *Dr. Stonehouse*, now deceased, a popular clergyman at Bristol, aided her in her studies, inspected her manuscripts, and thus contributed to the perfection of her writings.

It is also a certain fact, that our fair authoress learnt the Latin language for the purpose of perusing Virgil in his native tongue! This shews that she was not deficient in improving her taste, and was alive to the charms of classical beauty. Indeed, those divine ancients have furnished us with admirable models of writing, in almost every department of literature.

Nor should it be forgotten, that the office of teacher is highly favourable to mental improvement. They who discharge their duty in that capacity, must familiarise their minds to the first principles of science, and, by degrees, thoroughly understand them. Besides, knowledge thus gradually and thoroughly acquired, will operate upon natural ability, and draw forth those latent seeds of genius which are the germs of intellectual excellence. We may thus reasonably account for many productions with which we should otherwise have been unacquainted. Some of the best Scotch pieces have originated in this circumstance, and such exertions are deserving of applause. We are ready to add, with cheerfulness, the tribute of our commendation.

The first publication of MISS MORE, was written by her in the *eighteenth* year of her age; and is entitled, *The Search after Happiness*, a Pastoral Drama, for Young Ladies. It was extremely well received, and contains many excellent passages. The following lines we recommend to our female readers:

"Euphelia sighs for *flattery*, *dress*, and *show*,
Too common sources, *these*, of female woe!
In beauty's sphere, pre-eminence to find,
She slights the culture of th' immortal mind.
I would not rail at beauty's charming power,
I would but have her aim at something more;
The fairest symmetry of form or face,
From intellect receives its highest grace;
The brightest eyes ne'er dart such piercing fires,
As when a *soul* irradiates and inspires.
Beauty, with reason, needs not quite dispense,
And coral lips may sure speak common sense;
Beauty makes virtue lovelier still appear,
Virtue makes beauty more divinely fair!"

She has produced *three* tragedies, *Percy*, *Fatal Falsehood*, and the *Inflexible Captive*, founded on the story of *Regulus*, in the Roman history. The two former were performed at Covent-Garden. They all contain beautiful sentiments and excellent morality. Sir Eldred of the Bower, and the Bleeding Rock, two legendary tales.... Ode to Dragon....Florio and the Bas Bleu, together with Slavery, a poem, are possessed of merit, and may be read with pleasure and improvement. Her prose works consist of Essays for Young Ladies, Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great....An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World.... Remarks upon the Speech of Mr. Dupont....Village Politics, by Will Chip, and Strictures on Female Education. In each of these we might point out many admirable paragraphs, happily expressed, and calculated to serve the best interests of mankind. They have undergone several editions, and are entitled, both from their design and execution, to a very considerable degree of approbation.

Nor must we forget to mention her

Sacred Dramas, a charming work, and the most popular of all her productions. They are inscribed to the Dutchess of Beaufort, and are adapted to benefit essentially the rising generation. They contain *Moses in the Bulrushes*, *David and Goliah*, *Belshazzar*, and *Daniel*, to which are added *Reflections of King Hezekiah*, and an exquisite poem on *Sensibility*. In *David and Goliah* occurs the following fine passage on WAR:

..... O War! what art thou;
After the brightest conquest what remains
Of all thy glories! For the vanquish'd, chains!
For the proud victor, what? Alas! to reign
O'er desolated nations! a drear waste
By one man's crime, by one man's lust of pow'r
Unpeopl'd! naked plains and ravag'd fields
Succeed to smiling harvests, and the fruits
Of peaceful olive, luscious fig and vine!
Here rifled temples are the cavern'd dens
Of savage beasts, or haunt of birds obscene;
There pop'lous cities blacken in the sun,
And in the gen'ral wreck proud palaces
Lie undistinguish'd, save by the dun smoke
Of recent conflagration. When the song
Of dear bought joy, with many a triumph swell'd,
Salutes the victor's ear and sooths his pride!
How is the grateful harmony prophan'd
With the sad dissonance of virgin cries,
Who mourn their brothers slain! of matrons hoar,
Who clasp their wither'd hands, and fondly ask,
With iteration shrill, their slaughter'd sons!
How is the laurel's verdure stain'd with blood,
And soil'd with widow's tears!

Travels.

"Here you may range the world from pole to pole,
Increase your knowledge, and delight your soul;
Travel all nations, and inform your sense,
With ease and safety at a small expense."

Description of Pompey's Pillar in the neighbourhood of Alexandria, in Egypt, and an Anecdote of some English sea Officers there. By Mr. IRWIN.

IN the afternoon a large party of us sallied out to take a view of Pompey's Pillar, the theme of the present age, and the admiration of past times! Besides my companions and myself we were joined by the two English commanders of the ships in the harbour, and Monsier Meillon, and some young gentlemen of the French factory. We mounted the first asses that presented themselves for hire, and, attended by our Janizary, took the course we pursued yesterday. We left the convent on our right, and presently came among broken arches and long pavements, which are the remains of an aqueduct. Several towers reared up their dismantled heads on each side of us, whose appearance pronounces them to have been posts of great importance and strength.

A number of stately pillars next engaged our attention. They are placed in two parallel lines and seem to have formerly supported some magnificient portico. The pillars are of granite, or Thebaic marble, and about thirty feet high, of a single stone; and we counted no less than thirty of them still standing. But however choice these columns might be in any other place, they were but foils to the pillar which now appeared before us. We had been buried amid the ruins and the hills of sand which the winds have thrown up, when, leaving the city by the gate of Roseto, we came unexpected upon the pillar. It is impossible to tell which is most worthy of admiration, the heigth, the workmanship, or the condition of this pillar. By the best accounts we can obtain, it is an hundred and ten feet high. The shaft, which is of a single stone of granite, is ninety feet, and the pedestal is twenty feet more. It is of the Corinthian order, which gives a beautiful dignity to its simplicity, rarely to be met with in modern architecture. It has suffered little or no injury from time. The polish upon the shaft has wonderfully withtsood the buffeting of the tempest; and it promises to hand down a patriot name to the latest posterity of the ignorant native, who has no other trace of the fame of Pompey! The pedestal has been somewhat damaged by the instruments of travellers, who are curious to possess a relic of this antiquity; and one of the volutes of the column was immaturely brought down about four years ago, by a prank of some English captains which is too ludicrous to pass over.

The jolly sons of Neptune had been pushing about the cann on board of one of the ships in the harbour until a strange freak entered into one of their brains. The eccentricity of the thought occasioned it immediately to be adopted; and its apparant impossibility was but a spur for putting it into execution. The boat was ordered, and with proper implements for the attempt, these enterprising heroes pushed a-shore to drink a bowl of punch on the top of Pompey's Pillar! At the spot they arrived, and many contrivances were proposed to accomplish the desired point. But their labour was vain; and they began to despair of success, when the genius who struck out the frolic, happily suggested the means of performing it. A man was dispatched to the city for a paper kite. The inhabitants were by this time apprized of what was going forward, and flocked in crouds to be witnesses of the address and boldness of the English. The Governor of Alexandria was told, that these seamen were about to pull down Pompey's Pillar. But whether he gave them credit for their respect to the Roman warrior, or to the Turkish government, he left them to themselves, and politely answered, that the English were too great patriots to injure the remains of Pompey.

He knew little, however, of the disposition of the people who were engaged in this undertaking. Had the Turkish empire rose in opposition, it would not, perhaps, at that moment have deterred them. The kite was brought, and flown so directly over the pillar, that when it fell on the other side, the string lodged upon the capital. The chief obstacle was now overcome. A two-inch rope was tied to one end of the string, and drawn over the pillar by the end to which the kite was affixed. By this rope one of the seamen ascended to the top, and in less than an hour a kind of shroud was constructed, by which the whole company went up, and drank their punch amid the shouts of the astonished multitude.

To the eye below, the capital of the pillar does not appear capable of holding more than one man upon it; but our seamen found it could contain no less than eight persons very conveniently. It is astonishing that no accident befel these mad-caps, in a situation so elevated, as would have turned a landman giddy in his sober senses. The only detriment which the pillar received, was the loss of the volute before mentioned. which came down with a thundering sound, and was carried to England by one of the captains, as a present to a lady who commissioned him for a piece of the pillar. The discovery which they made amply compensated for this mischief; as without their evidence the world would not have known at this hour, that there was originally a statue on this pillar, one foot and and ancle of which are still remaining. The statue was probably of Pompey himself; and must have been of a gigantic size, to have appeared of a man's proportion at so great a heighth.

There are circumstances in this story which might give it an air of fiction, were it not demonstrated beyond all doubt. Besides the testimonies of many eye-witnesses, the adventurers themselves have left us a token of the fact, by the initials of their names, which are very legible in black paint, just beneath the capital.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. XV.

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

" No party his benevolence confin'd,
" No sect, alike it flow'd to ALL mankind;
" Such was the man....The poet well you know;
" Oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe:
" For his chaste muse employ'd her heav'n-taught lyre,
" None but the noblest passions to inspire;
" Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
" One line which, dying, he could wish to blot.

LYTTLETON.

THE *Seasons* of Thomson are so universally real and admired, that his subject needs little explication. Every mind inured to the slightest degree of contemplation, must enter into his theme, and accompany him in his exquisite delineations of nature. Feelingly alive to the beauties of creation, he pourtrays its most prominent scenes with a fervour that strikes the sense and charms the imagination.

The revolution of the *Seasons* is certainly an animated subject for poetry. The poet, with an "eye in a fine frenzy rolling," surveys nature with rapture, and catching her ever-varying appearances, finds his soul thrown into a pleasing delirium. His best emotions are roused, a species of inspiration is generated, and then with these are the images thrown off, the originals of which are instantly recognized. These transcripts are reviewed, corrected, and every additional touch proclaims the hand of a master. These, most probably, were the means by which the Seasons of Thomson were produced. It was no careless effusion, but evidently the product of a mind inured and devoted to the admiration of those beauties which were profusely scattered around him. Thus, therefore, he sings at the commencement of his Winter:—

Pleas'd have I in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude, I liv'd
And sung of nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd through your rough doma n,
Trod the pure virgin snows, myself as pure,
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd
In the grim ev'ning sky. Thus pass'd the time,
'Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south
Look'd out the joyous spring, look'd out and smil'd.

The subject of the Seasons from its nature bids defiance to strict order and regularity; yet Thomson has arranged his topics on the whole with great ingenuity. There are, indeed, certain appearances which present themselves according to stated rules, and which may therefore be described in their proper succession. The general face of nature, however, is ever varying, ever assuming different attitudes, from the rude tumult of the whirlwind, down to the mild and engaging tranquillity of a summer's evening! This variety is preserved by our poet, and the subject traced with accuracy through all its mazy evolutions.

The predominent excellence of this poem is, that it every where exhibits a lively and faithful delineation of nature. Its lines breathe an inimitable tenderness; a certain conciliating softness pervades its minutest parts. Every object is described with feeling, and a species of feeling which impresses us with an high opinion of the author's heart. Tenderness towards animals seems to have been his characteristic disposition. In the scene of Sheep-shearing, what an engaging humanity is discoverable!

Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft
By needy man, that all-depending lord;
How meek, how patient the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face!
What dumb-complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes! 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No; 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

SUMMER.

Some episodes are admirably introduced, particularly that of *Lavinia* and *Palemon*, which is evidently taken, in its general outlines, from the book of Ruth, where the history of Boaz is detailed with superior beauty, agreeable to that simplicity of manners which prevailed among the eastern nations.

We could, with pleasure, expatiate on the beauties by which the Seasons are embellished. They have not unfrequently been the subject of critical enquiry. A volume might be easily taken up in unfolding all its charms. But for a full scrutiny we refer the readers to Dr. Aikin's ingenious essay, prefixed to his edition of the Seasons.

We shall, however, remark, that there are certain little circumstances overlooked by the inferior tribe of poets, which Thomson has marked with a discriminative hand. Speaking of the autumnal leaf, he observes that it—

Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
Oft startling such as studious walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air!

In the following lines, also, how particular and picturesque are the circumstances described which attend a keen frost on a winter night:—

Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise; while at his evening watch
The village dog deters the nightly thief:
The heifer lows; the distant water-fall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar.

The loves of the birds in *Spring*, a view of the torrid zone in *Summer*, rise of the fountains and rivers in *Autumn*, and the man perishing in the snows of *Winter*, are highly finished originals.

That of the *Birds* is thus pleasingly concluded:—

..... The callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to life
A helpless family! demanding food
With constant clamour: O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care
On the new parents seize! Away they fly,
Affectionate and undesiring bear
The most delicious morsel to their young;
Which, equally distributed, again
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generons mould,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustain'd alone by providential heaven,
Oft as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and....give them all!

The *Man perishing in the snows*, a subject appropriate to the present season of the year, is likewise thus pathetically described:—

..... Down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain, for him, the officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain, his little children peeping out
Into the mingling storm demand their sire
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On ev'ry nerve
The deadly winter seizes, shuts up sense,
And o'er his inmost vitals, creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows a stiffen'd corse
Stretch'd out, and bleeching in the northern blast.

The *Hymn* subjoined to the *Seasons* is exquisitely beautiful; besides the descriptiveness of its poetry, it is enriched throughout with the most devotional sentiments. Speaking of the Supreme Being controuling the restless ocean, how fine are the following expressions:—

..... And thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound HIS stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.—

It would be unpardonable to close this sketch without remarking the devotional strain which pervades every part of the Seasons. In the spirit of genuine philosophy, effects are traced to their great FIRST CAUSE! With this trait the intelligent mind must be particularly pleased. Such constant references to the Supreme Being are highly honourable, both to his understanding and to his heart. We are therefore tempted to transcribe the closing lines of the Hymn, which are impregnated by the sublimest strains of rational piety:

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beams
Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me,
Since GOD is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full!
And where he vital breathes there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey, there with new powers
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where universal love smiles not around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in *Him*, in light ineffable.
Come, then, expressive silence! muse *his* praise.

WINTER was the first season which Thomson presented to the Public, and it is generally thought that it possesses the greatest merit. The poet, however, it is said, was of a contrary opinion, and herein, therefore, resembled Milton, who preferred his *Paradise Regained* to his *Paradise Lost*. This circumstance only shews how incompetent even the most celebrated authors are to appreciate their own works.

This sketch of the chief production of an *amiable* poet, who is a favourite with most readers, shall be concluded with the opinion of Johnson, who, notwithstanding all his prejudices, may be deemed the prince of modern critics:—

"As a writer, he is entitled to one praise of the highest kind; his mode of thinking, and of expressing his thoughts is original. His blank verse is no more the blank verse of Milton, or of any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his pauses, his diction, are of his own growth, without transcription, without imitation, he thinks in a peculiar strain, and he thinks always as a man of genius; he looks round on nature and on life with the eye which nature bestows only on a poet; the eye which distinguishes in every thing presented to its view whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute. The reader of the *Seasons* wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shews him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomson expresses.

"His is one of the works in which blank verse seems to be properly used; Thomson's wide expansion of general views, and his enumeration of circumstantial varieties, would have been obstructed and embarrassed by the frequent intersection of the sense which are the necessary effects of rhyme.

"His descriptions of extended scenes and general effects bring before us the whole magnificence of nature, whether pleasing or dreadful. The gaity of *Spring*, the splendor of *Summer*, the tranquility of *Autumn*, and the horror of *Winter*, take in their turns possession of the mind. The poet leads us through the appearances of things as they are successively varied by the vicissitudes of the year, and imparts to us so much of his own enthusiasm, that our thoughts expand with his imagery, and kindle with his sentiments. Nor is the naturalist without his part in the entertainment, for he is assisted to recollect and to combine, to arrange his discoveries, and to amplify the sphere of his contemplation."

THE PLAINTIFF.

NO. VII.

As the depositions of Senix appear to be of a kind peculiarly interesting, we shall now bring him up.

MR. EDITOR,

I, sir, am one of those men who have not lived in the world for 60 years, without profiting by its lessons. The passions of my fellow-beings having, during the whole of my existence, formed my principal study, I have not let one of the chief emotions which can agitate the human breast, escape my scrutiny. I know not what you, and I care not what three parts of the world think of love; but for my part, I hold it to be one of the worst distempers that can beset the heart of man, woman, or child.

Lest it should be inferred that I am about to speak on a subject I do not understand, I beg leave to assure you, that *I have been in love!* Yes, sir, I was *in love* for three weeks; and happily for me, no longer than three weeks. What happened to me during this state of stupefaction, I cannot exactly recollect; though had it not ended when it did, it is probable I had not lived to have recollected the circumstances of this letter. My father was a wise man; and esteemed riches as preferable to poverty: that is to say, when a person might be rich or poor, he accounted him a fool who pursued the latter choice. Carried away by the thoughtlessness of youth, I had formed a most violent attachment for a female, far beneath me in every first consideration. My father checked this attachment; and I, after a few qualms of foolish impetuosity, reconciled my temper to the event. From this period, to that on which I am now writing, I have uniformly followed *the main chance*, unobstructed by any other reflections.

I am the proprietor of an extensive manufactory wherein I am obliged to employ a great number of boys and girls; and the behaviour of this part of my servants, has again troubled me with some anxieties on a subject which I had hoped would never have disturbed me more. Jonathan, the principal director of my business, was the first who fell a victim to this epidemical madness. The fool is in love, and not content with being so himself, has, I believe, been the means of drawing others, by example, into the like disastrous predicament. Never was man so much altered for the worse. Instead of the brisk, and effective superintendant of a flourishing trade, he is now fitted only to be superintended by a keeper. Sir, I had such a reliance on his abilities, that I seldom cared to look minutely after his transactions, though repeatedly warned of his increasing incapacity. The other day, however, I thought fit to inspect the books, and judge of his real state. You would almost discredit it were I to render you an exact list of the dreadful errors he has committed. Debtor is placed on the side of creditor, and so on, *vice versa*, to an alarming amount! The worst is, that my bills have been copied from these ac-

counts; and I had last week an estimate returned me from Philadelphia, of goods that were shipped to a correspondent in the East Indies. It would be tedious to you, and afflicting to me, were I to enumerate the losses I have sustained through Jonathan's neglect: many, I fear, are yet undetected. But the mischief is not confined to him. A great part of my menservants have imitated his example. And the girls are seized with the same infatuation. It was but last week, that I caught one of them studying the letters of Abelard and Eloise; when, on reprimanding her for neglecting her work, will you believe it? she answered...." Work! it is only fit for *vulgar* souls!"....Another of the males not quite so sensitive as my lady, on my expostulating with him for his abated diligence, answered—" that the States wanted soldiers."....Really, Mr. Editor, the injuries I have sustained from the depredations which love has made among my servants, and by them upon my interests, would entitle me to considerable damages in any court of justice, could I find a way to prosecute my claims.

But my prime misfortune arises from Jonathan, who was once the right-hand of my affairs. This fellow has taken it into his head to fall in love with my niece, who (as I have not....and never intend to have any children) is, as he well guesses, designed to inherit my property. (This, by the bye, I imagine to be one strong reason for his love.) He doats on her: but, unfortunately for him, I have also doated on a coach, to which I purpose to marry her. Now, I cannot consent, though I feel the weight of his services to me, for those services, to forego the coach in favour of Jonathan. Yet, as nothing short of my niece will recal him to activity; and I cannot bring myself to seal such an extortionate bargain, I beg your best advice on my present state.

For the rest, men, women, and children (for I find the world is come to such a pitch that children are allowed to be in love), who have taken into their heads such unfeasible vagaries, I desire you, Mr. Editor, to discountenance them in *toto*. Set before them the unwarrantableness of their proceedings; and demand in the name of society, and good sense, a speedy reformation of their conduct.

SENIX.

For our leading sentiments on the subject of this letter, we must refer Senix to "The Reflector," No. I. in No. XII. of The Lady's Monitor. His case is by no means uncommon, though his situation, in some measure, renders it so. Had he favoured us with the wishes of his niece, we could have determined with better certainty. If, however, he seriously seeks his own *internal* prosperity, we advise him to think more of *Jonathan* than of the *coach*. And, as it is impossible for the utmost vigilance of Senix, effectually as he hath done it in himself, to oppose the progress of love in the hearts of others; he would do well to befriend virtue in whatever garb it may appear.

New-York,

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1802.

TO OUR PATRONS.

Six moons have disappeared since your little nursling smiled upon the world. Friendless and unprotected, it sought your abodes, challenged your approbation, and gained your confidence.

With real pleasure we observe a growing taste for literature pervade all ranks of society. Europa's sons have ceased to war with one another; and commerce, though increasing there, has made a solemn pause on the shores of Columbia. This we shall not regret. What is it that desolves the link in the chain of friendship, and exalts the one above his fellow? 'tis commerce. What is it that absorbs all the faculties of the mind....that leaves no room for mental culture, and the refinement of our rude natures? 'tis commerce. What is it that divides families.... that sends the wife to her father's protection, and the husband to an unknown clime, whose atmosphere is of deadly poison to the visitant? 'tis commerce. What is it that accumulates riches in the hands of brutal ignorance, whose minds are incapable of any thing but acquiring more, and of securing what they have already acquired....and what is it that REDUCES those who were born to opulence, who have been bred up in the more polite circles, whose minds are expanded, who make nice discriminations, and who have all the finer feelings of the soul? 'tis commerce.

Our countrymen are all engaged in making fortunes. "*We will make so much in so many years, and then retire, live easy, and improve our minds.*" What a calculation! Fallacious, indeed, will it prove! You will then be past the season for improvement....novelty will cease to please....and your time will be a burthen to you. Should we not, then, improve each passing hour?

Let the sciences receive encouragement, and our youth will acquire principles of honour. Let our country promote the interests of her sons, and be guided by their counsels. Let literature be patronized, and it will increase our national respectability. Let it be extended to the remotest regions of the globe; and the Indians of our forests, as well as those beyond the Ganges, taste of its effects in civilizing their savage natures, stimulating them to industry, and fitting their immortal souls for the enjoyment of their Creator. In particular, we hope female education will be strictly attended to: that judicious mothers may redouble their care in superintending that of their daughters....in making them capable of fulfilling the various duties of wives and of mothers....and that, when they shall be called to give an account of the "deeds done in the body," the portals of heaven shall be crowded with the shades of ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN! EDIT.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
POPE.

February 15. This evening was presented, *Folly as it Flies;* and *The Wild-Goose-Chase.*

February 17. *Hamlet;* and *The Merry Gardener.* COOPER's *Hamlet* was a masterly performance. He has "a combination" of talents, "and a form, indeed." His gestures, his voice, "his eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling," are all *his* own, and all *we* wish.

Mrs. HODGKINSON's *Ophelia* was inimitable. Shakspeare seems to have designed this character for her. Her appearance and dress, were truly characteristic. Indeed, we never saw a more interesting sight than her interview with the King and Queen. We understand that Mrs. SIDDONS was in habits of visiting *mad houses*, in order to obtain a complete idea, and to define the real properties of *madness*. Now, as this is "the happiest nation under the Sun;" and we are so fortunate as to have but *one mad house* (which is far distant), we cannot tell where Mrs. HODGKINSON acquired her nice conceptions of the character; but she certainly "plays mad" extremely well.

Mr. HALLAM personated that which has no person; and if there had been such a character, we believe he would have played Death to the life.

February 19. *Folly as it Flies;* and *The Highland Reel.*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A NEW POEM.

ONE of our native bards, who has assumed the signature of the farmer, proposes to favor his countrymen with a POEM, the title of which is, "*The Historic Progress of Civil and Rational Liberty and Order, triumphant over Faction.*"

As real merit is always diffident of its own powers, the auther has consequently submitted his labors, to the inspection and criticism of a literary friend, and from this gentleman, who is well known in the Parnassion world, we have been favored with the following character of the work.

"The Poem opens with a handsome dedication, addressed to the late President of the U. States, Mr. Adams, in which the Farmer pays some very elegant compliments to this consumate statesman; the early, the long-tried, the faithful and faultless servant of his country.

"The usual Classical invocations follow; and an animated address to the Goddess of Liberty. The muse then takes an expansive survey of the rise, progress, decline and fall of Liberty in Greece and Rome: recounts the toils of the Batavian worthies, and makes a variety of judicious excursions, to every land, where the rational spirit of Liberty has deigned to be an inmate. But in as much, as the author's original design only embraced a view of liberty, in connection with social order, he consequently tarried but a moment in France, that vast aceldama of human woes: and turning instantly, with evident disgust, from those inauspicious climes, where Cesars after Neroes reigned, he sweeps across the Atlantic, and fixes the last, the favorite and the blest abode of freedom, in these favored realms; briefly recounts, in varied song, the deeds of our most eminent Patriots; sings a funeral dirge to WASHINGTON on the banks of the Potomac, and closes by a prophetic anticipation of the future glories of Columbia.

"Ease, elegance, and chasteness, are attached to the versification, in many pleasing instances; harmony, pathos and grace are not wanting; fancy, sentiment and truth are often happily combined. The friends of WASHINGTON and ADAMS must be delighted with this specimen of native Poesy; and Federalism may now boast, that genius is all her own."

(U. S. Oracle.)

The following list exhibits an account of all the books, in the various departments of Literature, which have been published in the year 1801, and which are regarded as adapted to the use of Ladies.

(Continued.)

88. Alfred, an epic poem, by Henry James Pye, Esq. poet-laureat to his majesty. 1 vol. 4to. elegantly printed....Mr. Pye has written many excellent pieces, but it is universally allowed, that this is the best of his productions. The royal founder of the most ancient and most valuable of our laws has frequently called forth the genius of poetry, to celebrate his virtuous deeds. It is hard to say why the attempt has so often failed; but, from the very flattering reception, which Mr. Pye's effort has met with, from all persons of taste, there is every reason to believe that ALFRED will now live in the poetical, as well as in the historical page. A second edition of this charming poem is talked of, before the first has been six weeks published, a circumstance without a parallel in the annals of literature.

THEOLOGY.

89. An introduction to the study of the bible; being the fourth edition of the first volume of the elements of Christian theology; containing proofs of the authenticity and inspiration of the holy scriptures; a summary history of the Jews; an account of the Jewish sects; and a brief statement of the contents of the several books of the Old and New-Testaments. By George Pretyman, D. D. F. R. S. Lord Bishop of Lincoln. 1 vol. 12mo....This work should be in every family of christians, of whatever denomination.

90. A few plain reasons why we should believe in Christ, and adhere to his religion. Addressed to the patrons and professors of the new philosophy. By Richard Cumberland, Esq. 1 vol.

91. A new edition of the book of Common Prayer, with an introduction by John Reeves, Esq.

TRAVELS.

92. Travels in Upper and Lower Egypt, undertaken by order of the government of France. By C. I. Sonnini. Illustrated by engravings, consisting of portraits, views, plans, antiquities, plants, animals, &c. &c. drawn on the spot, under the author's direction; to which is subjoined a correct map of the country. 1 vol. 4to.

93. A journey from London to the isle of Wight. By Thomas Pennant, Esq. 2 vols. 4to. With plates.

94. An account of travels into the interior of Southern Africa, in the years 1797 and 1798: including cursory observations on the geology and geography of the southern part of that continent; the natural history of such objects as occurred in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; and sketches of the phisical and moral characters of the various tribes of inhabitants surrounding the settlement of the Cape of Good Hope. To which is annexed, a description of the present state, population, and produce of that extensive colony; with a map constructed entirely from actual observations made in the course of the travels. By John Barrow, late secretary to the earl of Macartney, and auditor-general of public accounts at the Cape of Good-Hope. 1 vol. 4to.

95. Travels in the French Republic; containing a circumstantial view of the present state of learning, the arts, manufactures, learned societies, manners, &c. in that country. By Thomas Bygge. 1 vol. 12mo.

96. Travels through the Lepontine Alps, from Lyons to Turin, by the way of Pays de Vaud, the Vallais, Great St. Bernard, &c. By Albanis Beaumont, author of the "Rhætian and Maritime Alps," &c. With plates in aquatinta. 1 vol. folio.

.....Interesting news,
Who danc'd with whom, and who are like to wed,
And who is gone, and who is brought to bed.
COWPER.

MARRIED,

On Monday evening, the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. SOLOMON JACKSON, of Long-Island, to Miss MARY BROWER, daughter of the late Mr. Jeremiah Brower, of this city.

On Saturday evening last, at Powles' Hook, by the Rev. Mr. Cornelison, Mr. JOHN CARR, conductor of the Philadelphia and Mail Stages, to MISS CHARLOTTE HUNT, daughter of Major Hunt.

At Philadelphia on the 14th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Helfenstine, Mr. ROBERT MARS, to the amiable Miss ELIZABETH HOOT.

DIED,

Some days since, in the morning of life, Miss CATHARINE HUTCHINSON BROOME, daughter of John Broome, Esq.

At Andover, on the 10th inst. Mr. SAMUEL PHILLIPS, Esq. Lieut. Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

At Trenton, on Wednesday last, Mrs. SOPHIA AYRES, relict of Capt. Ayres, formerly of Philadelphia.

PRINTING,

IN all its various branches, executed at this Office, with neatness, accuracy, and dispatch.

Parnassian Garland.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONITOR.

SIR,

By giving the following lines a place in the poetical department of your instructing and entertaining Miscellany, you will confer a favour on your humble servant, T.

THE ANCIENT CALEDONIAN.

Ye moderns, seated in the festive hall,
Or gliding softly down the splendid ball,
Your pity save for sires of ancient time,
Their bleaken'd soil, and wilderness of clime.
The hardy native of the ice-fed pole
Shrunk not at scenes which would appal your soul;
Inur'd to hardships, and in woods begot,
Bred in domains that shar'd no genial lot;
His brany limbs, and skin of browned hue,
Nor cold nor costly clothing ever knew.
Cas'd in a vigorous frame, his vigorous soul
Disdain'd the blast which round his hills did roll:
Laugh'd at the coming storm, and midst its wrath
Remain'd undaunted on the open heath.
Or, rob'd in skins, in huts he did retire,
While all the storms obey'd their stern king's ire;
Or in some cavern of the rocky shore,
Enjoyed o'er mead the ocean's dashing roar;
He sought no dainty fare, nor other food,
Save what the forest yields, and what the flood;
Or milk of cattle, which, half wild, half tame,
Graz'd in the woods along with fiercer game.
To hunt the boar, to chace the fleeing deer,
Bound o'er the hills, and through the woods to steer;
Feast on the spoils which skill or fortune gave;
Tell what had been and what was yet t'atchieve.
These were the sports in which time pass'd away,
And these the joys which clos'd the toilsome day.
Then distant far from last night's heathy den,
Along the muirland or some lowly glen,
He stretch'd his limbs upon the yielding sod,
Hail'd the high heaven, and thank'd the hunter's God;
And, wrapt in clouds of deepest slumber, lay
Till morn, returning, gave another day;
When, startling from the earth, refresh'd from toil,
He bore away in quest of other spoil;
Or in the fiercer strife of war engag'd
With neighb'ring foes, his barb'rous valour rag'd;
And snatch'd, with savage hand and envious eyes,
The claims of victory and vict'ry's prize.
Stern as the storm that frown'd above his head,
Firm as the oak that serv'd him for a shed;
Resistless in each manly feat he tried
As the swift torrent from the mountain's side;
Fierce as his clime, and as his forest free,
The clime and savage aptly did agree;
Alike the landscape stretching out before,
And the arm'd figure which the fore-ground bore!

[We extract the following pathetic lines from *The Poughkeepsie Journal*.—Smoothness of versification, and the tenderness of melancholy, are the prominent features of the productions of Henry, whose plaintive warblings over "*Maria's Grave*," have brought the stranger in the eye of manhood.]

FUGITIVE LINES.

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

I love the soothing melancholy hour,
When the last tint of twilight dies away;
The breathing sweetness when the wayside flower
Dissolv'd to nectar, weeps departed day.

Sacred to me the stilly, midnight walk,
The distant ocean, murm'ring to the shore,
The hollow gales that o'er the surf-beat rock,
Sigh a dull echo—and are heard—no more.

When on the dusky mirror of the wave,
The trembling stars in pensive radiance sleep,
When the pale spectre leaves the silent grave,
When mem'ry seeks the silent grave to weep.

The musky landscape fading from the sight,
The bubling fountains undulating knell;
When nought disturbs the drowsy ear of night,
Save the soft tinklings of the village bell.

Yes, these I love—and with Amanda dear,
These hours I shar'd—alas! too soon they cease,
Mine eyes were then unsullied by a tear,
My soul was happy—Florio was at peace.

Soft, and yet softer, glow'd the setting sun,
The weary traveller repos'd at ease,
The labours of the toiling hind were done,
And misty twilight floated on the breeze.

Faint to the listening ear, the shepherds song
Resounded sweet—Amanda sought the grove,
For oft when ev'ning brought the giddy throng,
She stray'd to meet with Florio—and to love.

—But hark! the winds blow sullen o'er the heath,
The gath'ring clouds their treasur'd tempest shed,
The lightnings flash—Amanda sleeps in death,
And seeks the silent mansions of the dead.

Then cease thy Florio's sorrows to reprove,
Amanda's dead!—thy moral laws forbear,
My soul has learn'd the weight of woe to love,
Mine eyes accustom'd to the falling tear.

Adieu my friend:—yet oft when fancy draws
The veil of years thy Florio still address,
And till the pulse of being makes a pause,
I'll love thy mem'ry—and thy name I'll bless.

HENRY.

CANZONET.

Sweet pipe! thou choice boon of my fair,
Ere yet she had learnt to betray,
O breathe some mellifluent air,
To chase the long minutes away.
But in vain I my woes would forget,
Whilst my charmer roves far from mine eyes!
False echoes! why mock my regret?
Ye zephyrs! why slight thus my sighs?

Ah rather, my passion to speak,
A kiss to my Amoret bear!
O would you but drop on her cheek
One pledge of my anguish....a tear!
Go ask, gentle messengers! why
These arms the ingrate hath forsook?
Alas! I foretel her reply!....
"Poor Thyrsis has nought but his crook."

Yet what though no corn-fields have I,
No flocks o'er the mountains that rove;
She will not, she cannot deny,
Poor Thyrsis is *ample* in *love!*
Though sweet to the traveller's ear,
The soft lulling murmur of rills;
Though wild thyme to Hybla be dear,
Or goats love to climb the steep hills;

Though the arbute be sweet to the bees,
To shepherds the wide-spreading tree;
Yet sweeter, far sweeter than these,
Are the smiles of my charmer to me!
Cease, my pipe! cease thy warbling....for hark!
Some footsteps approach my retreat....
Why, Hylax! that gratulent bark?
Why gambol so blythe at my feet?

Why, lambkins, forbear ye to feed,
Your heads all erect at the sound?
Some swain haply trips through the mead,
In search of a kid newly drown'd.
Ah no! behold yonder, my fair!
To sorrow I now bid adieu;
The zephyrs have heard my fond prayer,
And Amoret's bosom is true!

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